

THE

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Scripture: - Old Testament -

Lamentations

*1104.6.34
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OF

JEREMIAH

PARAPHRAS'D.

By W. B. (*William Brown*)



EDINBURGH,

Printed by *John Moncrie*, and are to be Sold by *John Wallance*
Book-Seller. 1708.



The Lamentations of JEREMIAH Paraphras'd.

C H A P. I.

Verf. 1. How doth the city fit solitary that was full of People? how is she become as a Widow? she that was great among the Nations, and Princess among the Provinces, how is she become Tributary.

HOW doth the City solitary sit;
 Whose Num'rous People throng'd in ev'ry Street?
 She like a Mournful Widow sits alone,
 Her Prince and People into Slavery gone.

Yea Sions Grief exceeds, in Length and Sum,
 The Widows Tribute at her Husbands Tomb.
 Her doating Husband Dead, for Twelve Months she
 (By Tyrant Custome) must a Mourner be :

Yet six of these are scarcely past, before
 That she begins her Mournings to abhor :

And e'er the Year expires, her Sable Weeds are o'er.

But Salems Years are all in Mourning spent :

There's not a Month, not one short Day exempt.

She that amongst the Nations, was so great,

Amongst the Provinces as Princess sat,

How is she Tributary to a Foreign State?

2. Yea in the Night, when all are husht to Rest,

Ev'n then, no quiet's found within her Breast ;

But Grief Triumphant Rules the Comely Face,

And briny Tears the Lovely Cheeks Embrace.

Not one of all her Lovers num'rous Train,

Or Comfort brings, or strives to ease her pain.

Her Friends (for such themselves they did profess

Whilst in her Glorious Days of Happiness)

Now boast themselves her open Enemies.

3. Judah, with grievous Slav'ry, sore Opprest

Amongst the Heathen dwells; she finds no Rest.
 Her Neighbours, who whilst she enjoyed Peace,
 Would boast themselves to be of *Jewish* Race;
 Now, in her Straits, her Kindred they disown;
 And persecute her, whilst she's tumbling down.

4. Because the Solemn Feasts are now forborn,
 Her Gates are Desolate, her Ways do Mourn,
 Her Mourning Priests are sore Oppress'd with Fears,
 Her Lovely Virgins are dissolv'd in Tears,
 And she in Bitterness consumes her Years.

5. Her Adversaries are her chiefs become,
 And she to their insultings must succumb.
 Her Enemies Torment her without Fear,
 Because th' Almighty Hand Afflicteth her,
 Because her Sins, so numerous are grown:
 Her Children, to Captivity are gone.

6. She who, with special Blessings, did abound,
 No Nation under Heaven so Renown'd.
 Her Beauty's fled, no pleasure's in her found:
 Her Princes like to Harts half Famished,
 Fainting before her Enemies are fled.

Or as the Hart, with Tim'rous hast, oft Flies
 Unto the Toils, Affrighted by the Cries
 Of Quick-nos'd Hounds; but when he is beset,
 With Active Speed, o'er-leaps th' extended Net:
 Ev'n so her Fainting Princes Nimble Fly,
 And Strengths defect, their sudden Fears Supply.

7. Now, in the Gloomy Days of deep Distress,
 She calls to mind her bypast Happiness;
 Rous'd from her Lethargy, she plainly sees,
 Her bypast quiet, and her profound ease:
 Which she, whileas her Blessings crowded on,
 Like on that's Drown'd in Drink, ne'er thought upon.
 And, when her People fell before her Foes,
 Th' Insulting Adversaries mockt her Woes.

Your Lands, say they, from Culture, now shall Rest;
With a perpetual Sabbath, they'll be Blest.

8. *Jerusalem's* Transgressions were so great;
That she's, from the Almighty, seperate.
So a Fond Husband finds his Wife unclean,
And suffers her no longer to Remain
Within his House; but Tears her from his Breast,
And loaths the she, he once so tenderly embrac'd.
Thrown from his House, she's pointed out a Whore,
Despis'd by all who Honour'd her before.
Her folly seen, too late, she mourns, in vain
She wishes for her bypast Years again.

9. Polluted she, her Wickedness is known,
And, in her Skirts, her Filthiness is shown.
Alas! *Jerusalem* was not so wise,
To place her end before her heedful Eyes:
Therefore, Unpitied, was she overthrown,
And, from her Towing Happiness, came Tumbling down.
With weighty Grief, my sinking Soul's Opprest;
A briny Torrent Tumbles down my Breast.
O LORD, behold my Grief, to thee, I cry,
Because the Foe, himself doth Magnify.

10. Polluted Hands, her Holy Things, invade;
O'er all the unclean Foe, his Hands, hath Spread.
The Unclean Heathen (whom thou didst Command)
They in Thy Congregation should not stand }
Have ta'en Possession of the Holy Land.

11. Her People groan, their pleasant things are sold
For Bread, their fainting Bodies, to uphold.
Look down O LORD, consider my Estate
How vile I am become, how desolate.

12. Ye who pass by with unconcerned gate,
With careless eyes, o'erlook my low estate.
Think ye these dreadful heavy Judgements do
Point out no Lesson to regardless you?

Yes, thus, they Preach, consider *Judah's* state,
 Your heavy Sins deserve no better fate,
 Repent, or you will find this Truth too late.
 Behold my grief, consider well my woes,
 'Tis GOD alone inflicts such weighty blows.
 Boast not your selves to 've don't, th' Almighty hand
 Scatter'd my people, and laid waist my Land.

13. He sent (for who commands but he alone)
 His Fire from high, that pierceth ev'ry bone.
 Th' Almighty, for my feet, hath spread a net,
 He turn'd me back, he made me desolate.
 'Tis not your pow'r, that makes my strength decay,
 Th' Almighty strikes, and I mourn all the day.

14. My sins (like to a yolk, my neck around,
 By his Almighty hand, fast wreath'd, and bound)
 Have so enervate me, that ye, with ease,
 Impose such slav'ry on me, as you please;
 Nor have I power, my self, from bondage to Release.

15. My mighty men, the LORD has trodden down;
 My choice young men are crush'd and overthrow'n:
 Whose ready breasts met all the foes durst give,
 Who, on their backs, did neer on wound receive:
 Now, by the LORD, insatiate with fear,
 They faint away, grow feeble, and despair.
 As in a press, he trod the beauteous frame
 The Virgin Daughter of *Jerusalem*.

16. For these, I weep; mine eye dissolves in tears;
 No comforter is near, to hush my fears.
 The Enemy prevails against my state
 They make my tender Children desolate.

Tho *Sion* spreads her hands, and begs relief,
 17. None comfort bring, or help t' avenge her Grief.
 The mighty GOD, concerning *Jacob*, said,
 Of all around thee, thou shalt be afraid.
 To thee, thy Neighbours, no assistance bring;

18. But shun thee, as an unclean loathed thing.
 The LORD is righteous, and just, because
 Rebelliously, I have oppos'd his Laws.
 All people hear, consider well, I pray,
 Is any sorrow, like to mine, this day.
 My youth, and tender Virgins, captive led away.
19. I call'd ; but, Oh ! my Lovers, me deceiv'd,
 Those, who, the care of Church and State receiv'd,
 My Priests, and Elders ; but ev'n they are dead
 Who, with my God, for me, could interceed,
 They fainted in my Streets, they dy'd for want of bread,
20. Behold ! O LORD ; for I am in distress,
 My Bow'ls are vex'd, ev'n so the raging Seas
 When troubled by the Wind, do tofs, and fret,
 And, with their Waters, mix the mud, and fleet.
 My heart is turn'd within me, O my God
 I've grievously rebell'd, the sword abroad ;
 Bereav's, at home, there's meagre death in our aboard,
21. The Nations, LORD, have heard my deep distress,
 How thou, O GOD, hast left me comfortless.
 Mine Enemies have heard me sigh and groan,
 and they rejoyc'd at all that thou hast done ;
 But, as thou'lt said, thou'lt bring the dreadful day,
 When they, like me, shall fainting melt away.
 Let all their Wickedness, before thee come,
22. As thou, O LORD, for all my sins hast done
 To me, so do to them ; for all the day
 I sigh, my feeble heart consumes away.

C H A P. II.

Verse 1. *How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in his anger, and cast down from heaven unto the earth the beauty of Israel, and remembered not his footstool in the day of his anger.*

1. **H**ow hath the great *Jehovah* overspread,
And, in thick darkness, *Sions* Daughter laid?
The Ornament of *Israel's* tumbled down,
From the high Heaven to the earth, she's thrown;
His footstool, like to what one doth despise,
Thrown by, neglected, unregarded lyes.
2. All *Jacobs* pleasant seats, the Lord o'erthrew;
They're swallow'd up, he did no pity shew:
In wrath, God said, thy strong holds are o'erthrown,
Straight they obey'd, and trembling rushed down:
(Sin and uncleanness, so the land o'erspread)
In heapsof rubbish on the earth they're laid.
3. In Wrath, the Strength of *Israel*, he o'erthrew
Before the *Foe*, God, His Right Hand withdrew.
As when, at Night, within a Narrow Street,
Where House with House (as 'twere) together meet,
A Fire Breaks out, Wind favouring its desire,
Now this, now that side of the Streets on Fire,
The Cits Distractedly together Run,
One would have this, another that thing done,
Fuddled, and Drowsie, all will Council give:
But none, to stop the Raging Flame doth strive:
Whilst they, with noise, and Nonsense thus abound,
The Busie Flame Devoureth all around.
Ev'n so the *Jews*, the coming Storm, perceive,
And Council Greedily from all receive;

Yet

Yet none ; their bypast Wickedness Repent,
None call on God, the Mischief to prevent ;
They're inevitably to Ruine sent.

4. He like an Enemy, his bow hath bent,
And his Right Hand inflicts the Punishment,
All that was pleasant to the Eye, he Slew,
All that was Delicat, he overthrew ;
His Fury like to Fire, about Sions Daughter flew.

5. Unthinking, Sinful *Israel*, Sunk in Woe,
Thy Prophets, sure, can tell thee who's thy Foe.
Dos't think that *Chald'ans* of themselves took Arms ?
No, Great Jehova sounds Wars loud alarms :
By his impulse, to Arms, thy Foes do fly,
They are thy Scourge, 'tis God's thy Enemy :
He led them on, thy Forces to o'erthrow,
Thy Strengths, and Palaces to Ruine go ;
Because the leader of the Starry Host's thy foe.
In *Sion*, doleful mourning doth increase,
And Lamentation's heard in ev'ry place.

6. The Hedges, and the Walls are overthrown,
The Garden, by Wild Beasts is troden down ;
The places of th' Assemblie are destroy'd,
The solemn Feasts and Sabbaths unenjoy'd,
And in the Indignation of his Wrath,
Both King, and Priest, the LORD Despised hath.

7. The LORD his Holy Altar has disown'd,
Abhor'd his Sanctuary once renoun'd :
God gave them up, the Enemy possess
Her Forts, Her Cities, and her Palaces :
They, in God's House, have made a noise so great
As when, on solemn Feasts the *Israelite*
Did sing God's praise, his Goodness celebrate.

8. God, *Sion's* Walls, which hedg'd her in around,
Hath purposed to level with the Ground :
He made her Walls, and Ramparts to Lament,

And their remaining hours, in Languishing were spent.

9. Her stately Gates are sunk into the Ground,
Like brittle Glass, her Bars are broken found.
Her Kings, and Princes 'mongst the Gentiles are,
No Law is heard, no Prophets now appear.

10. Now *Sions* Elders sit upon the ground;
Cover'd with dust, in silence they are found,
With Sackcloth, they do gird themselves around. }
The Charming Virgins, who ne'er fail'd to Fire,
And with brave Actions, Mankinds Breasts inspire :
Those who could hush our Cares, expell our Fears,
Ev'n they themselves are overwhelm'd with Tears.

11. Behold, O LORD, Tears, from mine eyes do fall ;
My Bow'ls are vex'd, my Troubles do prevail :
See LORD, how my exhausted eyes give o'er,
How their last drop has emptied all their store ;
See, how my Blood's, profusely, spent within,
See, not one drop can in my Cheeks be seen :
It, from my Liver, like a River runs;
Because the Daughter of my People swoons.
The Sucklings, in the Streets are snatcht away ;
The People are consumed all the day.

12. And as the young ones, on the Mothers breast,
Fainting for want of Food, the Head would rest,
Thus to their mournful Mothers, they themselves exprest. }
Where's now the Corn, the Wine, where's now the Bread,
Is all that could support our Bodies fled ?
The Words scarce spoke, like wounded Men they faint,
And, from their Mothers breasts, their Souls, to Heaven, are sent.

13. O ! Virgin Daughter of *Jerusalem*.
What thing, to Witness for thee, can I name ?
O ! Tell me; for I would some Comfort bring,
If I could match thy woes to any other thing ?
Alas ! thy breach is wide, as is the Sea,
What Medicine can or heal, or Comfort thee ?

- No earthly pow'r can drive thy Woes away,
 Or force th'insulting Victor from his prey:
 Then, *Judah* to the healing Altar fly,
 Fly to thy God, on him alone rely;
 For all the Virtue of *Bethesda's* pool,
 Without his help, can never make thee whole.
14. Ah! Thy false Prophets have deceiv'd thee too,
 They Prophesied as you would have them do;
 But if, these Prophets, God had to you sent,
 They would have told you, that you should Repent,
 And turn away the threatned Punishment;
 For tho the Lord, a Punishment decree,
 He sees the stripes with more concern than wee,
 And when our Sins draw his just Vengeance down,
 'Tis rather Grief, than Anger makes him frown.
15. All that pass by thee, mock thee without dread,
 They clap their hands, they hiss, they shake the head:
 Thus to each other, mocking, they go on,
 Is this the City, with perfection shone,
 Whose lofty Tow'rs seem'd to invade the Clouds,
 Whose compact Streets seem'd overstock'd with Crouds,
 This City that we see in Rubish hurl'd,
 Is this the Joy, the pleasure of the World?
16. And as a Hungry Lyon gaping Raves,
 When eagre to devour the Sentenc'd Slaves:
 Ev'n so, O *Salem*, all thy cruel Foes,
 With open Mouths, themselves to thee oppose:
 They hiss, they gnash their Teeth, and furrly say,
 We've swallow'd her, this surely is the day
 We looked for, and which we now have found,
 We've seen her heaps like Lumber on the ground.
17. That which he had ordain'd, the Lord hath done
 What, by his Prophets, he to you made know,
 And thou unpitied art thrown headlong down.
 The great Jehova fortified, thy foes,

And

And made thine Enemies, o'er thee, Rejoice.

18. Not only *Sion*, have the foes profan'd;
But in their Hearts, against her God Blasphem'd.
O *Sion*! therefore; multiply thy Tears
With doubling Streams, as numerous as thy Hairs:
Incessantly besiege thy GOD with Pray'rs.
From Pray'rs, and Tears, O *Sion*! never cease;
Pray Day and Night, afford thy self no Peace.

19. Lift up thy hands to GOD in fervent Pray'r,
That he thy tender Childrens Lives would spare,
That he would spare thy Sucking Infant brood,
Who faint in ev'ry street for want of Food.
Arise, incessantly, both Night and Day,
Pour out thy Heart to GOD in Pray'r, and say;

20. Thou who exalted sits upon thy Throne,
Thou GOD whom we with Adoration own,
Consider thou, to whom thou this hast done;
Shall Mothers eat the Fruit of their own Womb,
The Children scarce a Span their Bow'ls intomb?
Of Priests, and Prophets shall the Rev'rend train,
Within thy Sanctuary LORD be slain?

21. My Youth, my Virgins too, the Sword doth slay,
My Pride, my Darling hopes are snatcht away,
Aged and Young promiscuously are found,
Breathing their last upon the parent ground.
And in the dreadful day of thy hot ire,
Thou cut them off, no pity did appear.

22. Thou Summon'd'st in my terrors me around,
None that escap'd, none that Remain'd were found,
Thou, in thy Wrath, did'st strike them to the ground.
And those I reared up with tender care,
My cruel Adversarie did not spare.

CHAP. III.

Verse 1. *I am the Man that hath seen affliction by the rod of his Wrath.*

1. **I** Am the Man that hath affliction seen,
And by the Rod of's Ire afflicted been.
2. Me into thickest Darkness hath he led,
And all Prosperity is from me fled.
3. He turn'd his hand against me all the day,
It was so; for I felt a quick decay,
4. I felt my broken bones refuse t' obey,
They could no more support the Lumpish clay:
The sawcy wrinkles furrow'd out my skin,
Age and its loath'd attendants Rule within.
5. With bitter Grief he doth my Soul surround,
6. And as the Dead long lodg'd beneath the Ground,
So I Remov'd from the fair Orbs of Light,
In thickest Darkness dwell and endless Night.
7. Like one besieg'd, he'th hedged me about,
Loaded my chain, so that I can't get out.
8. Yea, when with Shouts and Crys, my Soul I tear,
My Pray'r he doth shut out, nor will me hear.
9. How firmly hath he hedged in my way,
In what a maze of Error do I stray?
As with a Wall, of firm hewn Stone, he hath
Inclos'd my ways, and crooked made my path.
10. He lyeth in wait for me, ev'n as a Bear,
Or Lyon waits th'unwary Traveller.
11. He turn'd aside my ways, it was my fate,
I'm torn in pieces, and made desolate:
Ev'n so the Lyon fierce, or Rav'nous Bear
Catch a stray Sheep, and her in pieces tear.

He

2. He set me as a But, his Bow he Bent,
 3. His well aim'd Arrows through my Reins were sent,
 Through Blood, and Bones, his shafts, like lightning went. }
 4. My People mock, my Foes about me throng,
 And I'm the Subject of their daily Song.
 5. With Bitterness Luxuriously I'm Fed ;
 The LORD with Wormwood hath me Drunken made.
 6. As 'twere with Gravel Stones, he broke my Teeth,
 And me with Dust Ashes covered hath.
 7. My Souls remov'd from Peace, ev'n the faint shade
 Of by-past Happiness is from me fled.
 8. So well with Black Despair, my Heart was stor'd,
 I said there's nought that Comfort can afford. }
 My Strength, my hope is Perish'd from the LORD, }
 9. My miseries, the greatest of the kind,
 I form'd a Scheme of these within my mind.
 10. Wormwood and gall stuff'd my tormented breast,
 My humbled Soul within me found no rest.
 11. My weakness, my infirmity, I call
 To mind, my hope in GOD shall never fail.
 12. If, as our sins deserve, he with us dealt,
 The utmost of our mis'ries we had felt ;
 Because the mercies of the LORD prevail,
 Because the LORD's compassions never fail,
 There is a remnant left, wee're not consumed all }
 13. Thy Mercies thou renewest ev'ry day,
 And thy great faithfulness thou dost display.
 14. Thus spoke my Soul, the LORD my portion is,
 I'll hope in him ; for he's my only Bliss,
 'Tis only he can loose my Bands ; for none
 Can take them off, but he that put them on.
 15. To those who early seek the LORD our GOD,
 To these who wait on him, the LORD is Good.
 16. 'Tis good a Man with hope should be well stor'd,
 And wait for the Salvation of the LORD.

27. 'Tis good a Man's Afflicted in his Youth,
 28. He sits alone, he openeth not his Mouth;
 29. Because the LORD hath don't, he'll to him fly,
 He hopes for good, on GOD he will Rely.
 30. Full of Reproach, how humble he, how meek,
 To him that smitteth him he Yields the Cheek.
 31. For GOD will not reject *Isra'l* for ever
 32. For when he strikes, ev'n then he sheweth favour,
 According to his Mercies failing never.
 Both Heav'n and Earth his Boundless Mercy know,
 To Pardon easie, and to Punish slow.
 33. No willing Blows, from GOD, on Men are sent;
 But their vile Sins extort their Punishment,
 34. Who doth the Poor Just Man in's cause Oppress,
 35. And the insulting Knaving LORD Carress,
 36. Who partially decides, his Conscience fear'd,
 To GOD, or humane Laws hath no Regard,
 That Man pulls down from Heav'n his just Reward.
 37. Can any Pow'rs th' Almighty's will withstand,
 Can they forbid, what GOD doth first Command?
 He doth in Heav'n and Earth what e'er he will,
 Can any say to Him, Thou doest ill?
 38. Both Good and Evil from the LORD proceed,
 What e'er befall us, GOD hath first Decreed;
 39. Then wherefore should a Living Man, in vain,
 When justly Punish'd for his Sins Complain?
 40. No, rather let us search and try our ways,
 And turn again to GOD, then let us raise,
 41. Our Hearts, and Hands to him, and let us say,
 42. We've Sin'd, we have Rebelled all the Day,
 Thou hast not Pardon'd, thou with Anger hast
 43. Cover'd our People, and our Land laid wast:
 Thou hast us slain, no pity hast thou show'n,
 Thou Persecuted us, we're overthrown.
 44. Our Sins, like a Partition Cloud appear:

2. He set me as a But, his Bow he Bent,
 3. His well aim'd Arrows through my Reins were sent,
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 And turn again to GOD, then let us raise,
 41. Our Hearts, and Hands to him, and let us say,
 42. We've Sin'd, we have Rebelled all the Day,
 Thou hast not Pardon'd, thou with Anger hast
 43. Cover'd our People, and our Land laid wast:
 Thou hast us slain, no pity hast thou show'n,
 Thou Persecuted us, we're overthrown.
 44. Our Sins, like a Partition Cloud appear:

Betwixt our God and us, they Choak our Pray'r.

45. As Filth and Vile Refuse, thou hast us made,
Of all the Nations round us, we're affraid.
46. They mock us, they usurp the Scorners Chair,
47. Destruction, Desolation, and a snare,
Are come upon us, we're Oppress'd with Fear.
O! that we'd Fear'd in time, and feared thee;
Then from this slavish fear we had been free,
That, would have Taught us, this, for to prevent,
Kept us from Sin, and fear Sins Punishment.
Fear comes in time, before a Faults begune,
He fears too late, that fears not 'till 'tis done.
48. My Tears, because my People are o'erthrown,
Like rapid Rivers have their Banks o'erflown,
And without Ceasing they came tumbling down.
49. O! may they never Cease; but still begin,
And flow as fast, as I made hast to Sin:
May no Parenthesis of Joy appear,
50. Till God look down from Heav'n, and hear my Pray'r.
51. Mine Eyes affect my Trembling Heart with pain,
More than the Tender Virgins I Complain.
52. Ev'n as a Hawk Pursues the Harmless Prey,
Mine Enemies do hunt me all the Day.
53. When in a Dungeon they had me o'erthrown,
They heap'd upon me Stones, to keep me down.
54. When they like Rivers had o'erflown my Head,
My Fence is broke, I am cut off, I said;
55. Yet while in the deep Dungeon I vvas laid,
I call'd on thee my God, to thee I Pray'd,
56. And thou vvast pleas'd Graciously to hear,
Then Rouse my Soul, the mighty God is near,
He hears my crys, and Breathings in my Pray'r.
57. For in the Day vwhen I unto him Pray'd,
He did dravv near, he said, be not affraid.
58. Thou as an Advocat, my Cause did'st plead,

- Thou hast Redeem'd my Life, from Death me freed.
 59. Thou saw'st the stripes inflicted by my Foes,
 Be thou my Judge, O LORD, Judge thou my cause.
 60. Thou saw'st their Wickedness, their ev'ry thought,
 Their Plots designed, and against me wrought.
 61. Thou heard'st their Villanie, O LORD, and how
 Their Machinations, daily 'gainst me grow.
 62. Thou heard'st, O LORD, what those against me say,
 Their Speeches are against me ev'ry Day.
 63. Behold O LORD! whether in Feasting they,
 Or Drunken Revels, do consume the Day;
 How my Calamitie still makes the Jest,
 My Miserie's the Musick of their Feast:
 Like Captive *Sampson*, I am Toss'd about,
 The Drudge, and Scorn of an insulting Rout.
 64. According to their Works, reward them, LORD;
 65. Deject their Hearts, thy Curse to them affoord,
 66. In thy hot Anger, LORD, these Men destroy,
 Nor let thou them the Common Air enjoy.

C H A P. IV.

Verse 1. How is the Gold become Dim? how is the most fine Gold changed? the Stones of the Sanctuary are poured out in the top of every Street.

THE Gold Refin'd, with fiery shining stor'd,
 Its Lustre scarcely by the Eye endur'd,
 How is it now with Dimness so obscur'd?
 How are the Stones Torn from the holy place,
 Or scatter'd on the Streets, or put to uses Base?

}

2. And *Sion's* precious Sons, who were compar'd.
 To Gold Refin'd, how are they now declar'd
 To be no better than coarse Earthen Ware?
 Who shone with Radiant Gold, now Gloomy Darkniess wear.

C

Ev'n

3. Ev'n the Amphib'ous Animals do throng,
 They hasten to the Shoar, to feed their Young,
 They Suckle them, they Nurse them up in Caves,
 'Till they get Strength to wrestle with the Waves,
 The Daughters of my People are not so,
 They cannot freely to their Infants go,
 Hated by all, each one doth them molest,
 By all Despis'd, by all they are oppress'd:
 Far from their tender Young they're forc'd by fear;
 So, like the cruel *Estridge* they appear.
4. Thus the poor Sucking Child that's left behind,
 No Food, no Succour, no Support can find:
 Fast to his Palate Cleav's the Nimble Tongue,
 For want of Suck, so Died the Tender Young.
 No better doth the weaned Infant Speed,
 From Door to Door he begs about for Bread,
 Yet none him give, none his weak Cry do heed.
5. They're Desolate who Delicately Fed:
 On Dunghills now they Lodge, who were vwith Scarlet Clade.
6. Greater by far's my Peoples punishment,
 Than that on *Sodom*, and *Gomorha* sent;
 They in a Moment were quite overthrown,
 No hands stay'd on, they were born headlong down }
 But when our punishment will end, is not well known. }
7. My Peoples *Nazarites* were purer far
 Than Snow, much Whiter than the Milk they were,
 Brisker than Rubbies did their Bodies Shine,
 And of Blew Saphire was their Polishing.
8. Their Beautie Fled, their Visage Blacker Grown
 Than Coal, now as they walk they are not known:
 Their Wither'd Skins, closs to the Bones do cleave,
 So like dry'd sticks they look, they're scarcely said to live.
9. They're better sure who by the Sword are slain,
 (Their Life soon gone, they feel but little pain)
 Than they for want of Bread, who faint all day,

And by a Ling'ring Death do pine away.

10. The Tender Sex within whose serene Breast,
 No Rough Tempestuous Passion findeth rest ;
 For tho' that some compell'd by want, or shame,
 To hide their Sin, their Progeny disclaim ;
 Yet Doating Mothers, who from lawful Blifs
 Have Of-spring, place their happiness in this ;
 Sometimes they'll seem to draw the Breast away,
 To urge their Pretty Innocents to Play ;
 At other times seem to deny a Kiss,
 To make the Fonder Suppliant Steal the Blifs :
 Ev'n these who never were asham'd to Doat,
 Now Dress the Sucking Infant for the Pot ;
 The Famine Raged so in ev'ry Street,
 The Pratling Child became the Mother's Meat.
11. The LORD Accomplished his Fury hath,
 He poured out the Fierceness of his Wrath :
 The LORD hath Kindled, and on *Sion* pour'd,
 A Fire which her Foundations hath Devour'd.
12. All Men Believ'd, ev'n Kings their fears exprest,
 That she their utmost Force could well resist.
 Her Prophets Sins, her Priests iniquity,
13. These, these to God for Vengeance on her cry ;
 'Tis the Black Cat'logue of their unwip'd Score,
 Calls for more Plagues than Vengeance has in Store :
 The Just Man in the midst of her was slain,
 She must be Conquer'd, she Resists in vain.
14. They like Blind Men about the Streets did Roam,
 With Blood Polluted, they are vile become :
 Each Street doth so with Wickedness abound,
 Go where they will, Pollution can't be shun'd.
 In ev'ry Street, stand of Unclean they cry,
15. Nor touch thou us, March off, hence quickly fly ;
 So great their Wickedness, they fled away,
 They wandered for haste, they made no stay,
 We've sin'd, no hope is left of our return they say.

} The

16. The Anger of the Lord did them divide,
Isra'l he will no more regard or heed ;
 The Enemie Respected not the Priest,
 Nor favour'd they the Elder in the least.
17. Yet while we stood, we lean'd on Feeble Propes,
 We fed our selves with vain and empty Hopes ;
 Or that our Allies Forces, should dispel
 Our fears, or *Dauids* Line should never fail :
 GOD's Threatned Judgments we Rejected have,
 And watched for a Nation could not save.
18. Tall Forts that overlook our Walls they raise,
 These they have carried on with such success, }
 That we are hunted now from place to place.
 Our days are full, our end must needs be near,
 In House or Street we Die, Deaths ev'ry where :
 The greedy Spoiler fiercely strikes at all,
 Promiscuously Devours the great and small ;
 Ev'n Tender Infants from the Breast are Torn,
 They're wrapt in shrowds, so soon as they are Born.
 The Grim Destroyer spares, nor Sex, nor Age,
 Nor Innocence, nor Years can stop his Rage :
 Here hoary Bending Age, there Sprightly Youth,
 And Blooming Virgins Dead, proclaim this Truth.
 Like common Souldiers great Commanders Die,
 And all in heaps promiscuously do Ly.
19. Nor Wilderness, nor Mountains can afford
 Us Shelter from the Persecutor's Syvord, }
 More than the Eagles they're vvith syvustness stor'd.
20. Th' Anointed of the LORD, they did beguile,
 In vvhom vve Trusted for a Breathing vvhile :
 We thought that *Dauids* Kingdom vvas secure,
 (As if our Nation still vv ere clean and pure)
 We Trusted she for ever should endure :
 We thought the Royal Race we still should keep,

Nor

Nor look'd to CHRIST, who was the Antitipe.
 They took him in their Nets, of whom we said.
 If he still live, we shall not be afraid,
 Amongst the Heathen, he will be our shade.

21. Thou, who securely dwellest in the Land
 Of Uz, thou who so firmly seem'st to stand,
 Edom, be glad, insult o'er wretched me,
 Yet know the Cup shall also pass to thee,
 Drunk with thy Woes, thou shalt distracted be,
 Madded as those that are o'ercome with Wine,
 Thou'lt tear thy Cloaths, and strip thee to the Skine.
22. No more, O Sions Daughter! shalt thou be
 Led from thy Land into captivity;
 Thy punishments compleat, O! therefore raise
 Thy voice, and celebrat th' Almighty's Praise.
 And thou, who do'st insult with wicked Joy,
 Th' Almighty 'gainst thee Edom will employ,
 Such Bloody foes, as shall thee utterly destroy.

CHAP. V.

Verse 1. *Remember, O LORD, what is come upon us: consider and behold our Reproach.*

1. **S**EE, how the haughty foes on us encroach,
 Behold, O LORD, consider our Reproach.
2. Strangers our Properties possess with ease,
 And Aliens our Inheritances sease;
 Our Liberty and Property o'erthrown,
 What have we now that we can call our own?
3. Orphans, and Fatherless we are become,
 Our Mothers were as Widows, 'twas their doom.
4. Water that's free to frogs, nay our own Wood
 We buy, our Propertie's not understood.
5. The Labouring Ox, altho' he toileth sore

With

While that he works, yet when his work is o'er
Freed from the yoke, he's blest with food and ease
He wantons in the meads where e'er he please.

The neighing steed thus, loos'd from bit and Rein
To his lov'd verdant pasture Runs again :

And when the hind their freedom would revoke,
That scorns his harness, this desyes the yoke.

How pleasant is it to be free to choofe,

And when we will, accept ; when not refuse ?

A free-born Soul endures restraint but ill ;

'Tis usurpation on the unbound will.

But wretched we, our haughty Enemies

Our endless Labour, near permit to cease.

Thus guilty Souls in Hell are scourg'd for sin ;

Their never ending pains thus still begin :

Thus we constrain'd obey the sottish Rules,

Of Passive Doctrine, taught by hair-brain'd fools.

6. The Tyrant foe no sustenance will give,

He toills us ; yet he will not make us live :

We're forc'd to show th' *Aegyrian* our need,

And of th' *Assyrian* we beg for Bread.

7. Our Fathers sinned and vvere punish'd fore,

They died their punishment did not endure :

Unhappier vve, vve're guilty too as they,

But our Affliction's doubled ev'ry day :

They're better sure, vvho sudden Death receive,

Than vve vvho thus unvvillingly do live.

8. Not only to our Masters must vve yield ;

But their vile Servants too the Scepter vvield :

We're forc'd to drudge to ev'ry scurvy slave,

Nought can relieve us, but the vvelcome grave.

Had iron tooth'd time gnaw'd out of memory

(the greatest earthly bliss) that vve vvere free ;

Had Tyrants successivly scourg'd our state,

We then more easily should bear our fate ;

For

For they are grieved more who lose their sight,
Than they who never yet enjoy'd the Light.

9. Because the Sword the Wilderness o'erspread;
With Peril of our Lives we sought our Bread.

10. Our Skins like to an Oven are grown black;
Because the Burning Famine did not slack.

11. In *Sion*, Lust, the Women overpour'd,
In ev'ry City they the Maids Deflowr'd.

12. Our Princes they hang'd up with their own Hands,
Our Elder's Faces no Respect Commands.

13. Our Youth they made to Grind, our Children fell
Under the Load, that did their Strength Excell.

14. Our Elders now cease to adorn the Gate,
No Crowds of Cits for their Decisions wait.
Our Young Men from their Musick Meetings cease,
No more with Warbling Notes they strive to please:
Complaints now more than Musick suits their Woe,
They never had more cause to Weep than now.

15. All Joy is ceas'd, we Drooping hang the Head,
And Mourn, our wonted Merry Meetings fled.

16. All Glory's from us fled, this we deserv'd,
Wo unto us, we from thy Laws have swerv'd:
Thou LORD art just, our Sins procur'd our shame,
We own our selves Egregiously to Blame.

17. Because we've sin'd, 'gainst us a Curse prevail'd,
Our Eyes are dim with Grief, our Strength is fail'd:
Thus Grief doth still with Vice in Triumph Ride,
Plac'd like a Slave by that great Conqu'rors side.

18. O *Sions* lofty Sky-saluting Mount,
How doth my Grief Augment on thy Account;
When I see Foxes with Imperious Gate,
The Fox like Enemies of Church and State,
Tread the same Spot, where once Heav'ns darling sat. }

19. Thy Counsel as thy Nature Lasts for ay,
Thy Throne O LORD ! can never feel Decay. ;

20. Ages to thee, are but as Yesterday,
Then why do'st thou forget thy humble Clay?
Why thus for Ages do'st thou us forsake?
O some Compassion on thy Creatures take.
21. Turn us to thee, LORD, and we shall be turn'd,
Again we shall be vvith thy Zeal adorn'd;
Renevv our Days as in the Days of Old,
LORD do thou us in Righteousness uphold.
22. Will thou O LORD for ever us Disdain,
Will thy hot Wrath upon us still Remain,
In Mercy look on us, O LORD! thy Wrath Restrain.

21 JA 50

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